



MAESTOSO.

CON
COMODO.

Continued.

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death Shall fill my heart with dread Shall fill Shall fill

death Shall fill my heart with dread Shall fill Shall fill

Shall fill my heart with dread Shall fill my heart And tho'...

And tho I walk where snares of hell Around a - bout me spread.

tho' A - - round a - bout are spread,

I walk where snares of hell A - round a - bout me spread.

tho' A - - round a - bout me spread.

Unspotted are the ways of God
His word is fully tried
He is a sure defence to such
As in his faith abide
His saints beset with fearful need
Pray'd for his help and grace
And straightway their complaint he heard
Out of his holy place

The Lord descended from above
And bow'd the heav'ns most high
And underneath his wing he spread
The darkness of the sky
On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally he rode
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad